

Having at last fulfilled a long-cherished desire to visit the mountain region of my native State, I pen a few hasty notes thereon for the use and encouragement of those ignorant of them as I was four days ago. For others they can have no value.

The White Mountains are not a chain but a cluster of granite peaks in the northern part of New-Hampshire, wherein the Merrimack River has its head-springs, and which are among the principal sources of the Connecticut in the west, and the Androscoggin and Saco on the east. In extent, magnitude and elevation, they are far superior to the world-famous Alps, the Rocky Mountains, &c., as they are far superior to all the mountains of the British Isles, the Cumberland range, and to all that are well known of the Alleghanies. Their most obvious advantage is their accessibility. Leaving New-York in the afternoon, you may take tea next evening at either of the great Summer hotels located at different points in their very heart; and these may likewise be reached by a pleasant Summer day's journey from Boston as from most of New-England. Approaching them by the valley of the Connecticut, and leaving by the Grand Trunk Railroad, which conveys you in five or six hours to Portland, or in thirteen to Montreal, you are enabled to view them from opposite sides: while the great hotels are admirably located at distances of 15 to 25 miles apart, each where it commands capital views of several among the loftier peaks, and is convenient to lakes or falls of special interest. The visitor may spend a day or several days at one house, then take a stage or special conveyance to the next; and so wind his way through the principal valleys and across the practicable ridges, until he feels that he has seen most of what is noteworthy; whereas, a whole Summer industriously spent in the Alps or any other great chain is barely a preparation for their thorough mastery. Wandering among sky-clearing, glacier-thrilled pinnacles is more exciting; but these are very satisfying.

Let no one understand that the White Mountains are even relatively tame and characterless. In steepness and sharpness of outline, they have few superiors, even among the great chains: the light gray of their naked granite summits dispenses easily with the snowy diadem of the loftier Alps; while the lack of vastness, of immensity, is not perceived nor realized where your whole horizon is bounded by lofty, rugged peaks, whereby the day is shortened on either hand. And in one respect, these heights are rarely equalled, and never excelled: in the universality and density of the forest (always evergreen), whereby they are clothed for some 2,000 feet from the valleys at their bases, or for nearly 4,000 above the sea level. There are not many points below the line of general sterility on the Alps where the removal of the timber has proved detrimental to the harmony and beauty of outline originally presented.

As I have ascended Mount Washington only, I can make no comparisons of views; but the bridge-path from the Crawford House affords a greater variety of admirable prospects than I ever found elsewhere, at elevations of barely 4,000 to 5,000 feet. After winding up through the dense woods for a long hour, you emerge into a thicket of dwarf cedars, which accompanies you for the next half hour; thereafter, the all-abounding granite is either utterly naked, or barely covered in patches with a thin, poor grass, which the fierce winds seem unable to get sufficient hold of to uproot. Your way now lies for three or four miles along the general summit of the ranges which is quite level in stretches of sixty rods to a full mile, winding around two or three peaks, with occasional elevations and depressions, until you reach the lofty base of the dominating peak known as Mount Washington, which rises hence some 1,200 to 1,500 feet—a giant mass of naked rock, with scarcely a patch of soil on any part of it; up which your path zigzags dizzily, and your well-trained horses win their way slowly and painfully, by a succession of springs from boulder to boulder which are just less difficult than climbing an interminable wooden ladder. I never saw a staircase which, if it would bear its weight, a horse might not ascend with far less difficulty. At length you reach a levelled and heavily vaulted enclosure, some forty feet in diameter, designed simply to fend off the fierce winds of that ghastly gully, and here, dismounting, clamber over the giant boulders some sixty rods further to the "Tip-Top House," where a rude but welcome shelter—usually crowded from noon till 3 p.m.—proffers its gratefully accepted hospitalities, including a table, which though it may not afford what Hayard Taylor's palanquin would consider a "square meal," is yet very generally and gladly patronized. The steak dealt to me was certainly tougher than any (not of buffalo) I ever before tried to chew; but the black tea was excellent and refreshing, the berry pie good enough, the bread passable, and the charges (\$1.50 each) very moderate, considering that everything must be dragged up the mountain, including wood for fuel, obtained five miles down; while no charge is made, though there should be, for admission to the house, and for a privilege at the first. These considerations help to make the house itself, built of such stones as could be lifted upon and rudely massed into walls, has a nearly flat, wooden roof, strongly if not securely fastened to its place by heavy rods of iron. The only other house on the summit, though it tries to cover behind a shoulder of the peak, is likewise anchored to the underlying granite—and with ample reason.

The morning of our ascent (August 1) was clear though not cloudless; the day before had been remarkably fair; and our views from the lower summits had been superb. The valleys and peaks we scanned as we crept along the crest of the ridge were numberless; lovely lakes and tarns, gleaming like molten silver, were visible in various directions, often four or five at once; at some points, however, and elevated fairs were visible far down on our left, but I recollect none at any point on our right, though the field of vision that way embraced several hundred square miles on the whole, I doubt that there is another prospect attainable on horseback between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi which combines grandeur and grace in equal measure with that presented from Mount Pleasant, Monroeville and Franklin, on the bridge-path from the Crawford House to the summit of Mount Washington.

Of the view from that summit, I can say nothing, as it was thickly swathed in cloud and mist during most of the two hours of my stay, and the momentary glimpses of the adjacent peaks and valleys were partial and unsatisfying. Had there been a national hotel of sunshine this morning, I should have availed it; but there was not; and the rain which overtook us on our way down was renewed and increased during the night. It ceased before morning, but left the higher peaks shrouded in heavy clouds, while fog was creeping up their lower bases. It was wise to come away.

The bridge-path ascent from the Crawford House is so richly rewarded that I rejoice to find it so largely patronized, though the path is simply abominable. It ought to be improved at once. The charge for a horse to the summit and back (\$4) is very moderate; and I earnestly those interested to add a dollar and apply the proceeds to improving the road. This would supply a fund of certainly not less than \$100 per week for ten weeks of every Summer; and this amount, faithfully applied, would very soon create a passable track, and thus quadruple the number of equitarians. Even \$1,000, judiciously spent on the worst spots, would render the break-neck paths passable with half the difficulty and peril now encountered, beside proving a mercy to the poor, overtaxed beasts who are now driven up and down rocky precipices that would tax the agility and wind of a dog. It must be that this prayer will be heeded.

The road up the opposite side of the mountain (from the Glen House) is a marvel of engineering skill and courage. It was built by a company between 1855 and 1861, at a cost of \$100,000, and is supported by trestles levied on every person, horse and wheel that traverses it. There is no better road across any of the great Alpine passes. The steepest grade is one foot in six; and, even after earth has been heaped wholly unattainable, it is well made of granite alone. Any horse fit to be driven in Broadway will answer here. The ascent (eight miles) is made in 4 hours; while 90 minutes suffices for the descent. The men who planned and built this road are public benefactors, and I trust they are rewarded generously, as benefactors often are not. By winding around the rugged peak, the road climbs it as a snake might a asp, where direct ascent would be simply impossible. I doubt whether Europe can match this daring and successful ascent, and not to open a mountain pass in the interest of commerce, but simply to scale a mountain peak, and I am confident that many more would see New-England from the summit of its highest peak if they knew how easy the ascent from this side really is. The Glen House is but 7 miles from Gorham, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, whence it is easily reached, and where the Alpine House is said to be generally reached, and where the Alpine House is said to be generally reached.

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for money's sake, and not out of some puerile passion for spitting our neighbors. We do not care how prosperous a business they may do at the South—they must be a deal shrewder than they have yet shown themselves to be if they can hinder us from having and holding our share of the profits. We do not think that can be effected by fair play which partial and shifting legislation has been powerless to accomplish; and though every petty Southern stream should boast its cotton mill, we should still have our brains and our right hands left. All we ask is fair play, and that we shall be strong enough to secure in the future.

But we hope these gentlemen are not so rich (like the milk-maid, in anticipation,) as to scorn a little honest good advice. There is one kind of manufacture at the South which at present seems to be particularly brisk—we mean that of human corpses. This is a branch of business in which our Southern brethren have always completely distanced all competitors; sometimes in the late lively operations of the New-Orleans mob, and sometimes by individual enterprise, the only stock in trade required being a pistol or a bowie-knife. It is an exceedingly absorbing and exciting pursuit for the time being, but the market for dead bodies is a limited one—indeed, when the medical schools have been supplied, the balance of the product is a mere drug which must, at some cost, be shovelled out of sight as soon as possible. Now, the returns being so small, and the disadvantages so great, we beg permission, as a more matter of business, to suggest to our Southern brothers, as preliminary to engaging in less dangerous and more profitable pursuits, the abandonment of the old, well-established but profitless trade of murder. As a general rule, a steady, thorough-paced merchant or manufacturer prefers to live in a locality in which private shooting and stabbing are not authorized, or winked at, or protected and encouraged by public opinion. The very life of business depends upon social order, respect for the rights of others, and the supremacy of the laws. No merchant (if he can help himself) will do business where he is likely to be paid by an angry debtor in lead or steel instead of gold, greenbacks or negotiable paper; no manufacturer will maintain mills or foundries where his laborers are systematically tormented, worried and swindled by an aristocratic, indolent, non-producing body of idlers and vagabonds. The South wants manufactures. It may have them. But it cannot have the joys of manufacturing and murdering both. The two things are incompatible.

THE HARVEST.

There is still time for disaster by frost—possibly by excess of rain; but, should the close of the season be as genial as the opening, this country will show a larger Agricultural product in 1866 than in any previous year. The devastations of war and the social anarchy resulting therefrom will have considerably reduced the Southern production of Cotton, Sugar, Rice and Tobacco; while portions of the South-West suffered considerably in May from floods and broken levees; much of our Winter Wheat was badly injured by the hard frosts and sudden changes of last Winter; but Spring Wheat is perhaps more extensively grown among us than Winter, and the yield of this, especially in the far West, is extraordinary. Rye, Oats and Barley, will average fair crops; Hay was rather light; but midsummer rains are nobly compensating the deficiency; so that Fall feed and roven will be better than usual. Of Indian Corn and Potatoes, there was never before so great an area planted; and they rarely or never looked so well. We judge that the Northern States will produce ten per cent. more Corn and twenty-five per cent. more Potatoes than ever before. Beans, Peas, and nearly all Garden Vegetables, also promise well, and have already yielded generously.

As to Cotton, the croakers, who began with talking of a crop of Half a Million to One Million bales, are fairly dumfounded. Unless the Worm should come at once to their aid, they are beyond hope. That the crop of 1866 will range from Two to Two and a Half Millions of bales, we have steadfastly believed; and we now judge that it will reach the higher figure.

Still, we advise those planters who are out of debt to be in no hurry to sell. The world is Cotton-hungry; there is no great supply on the market, while there is a wide and strong demand for Cotton fabrics. So many planters have barely been able to make a crop, and are obliged to sell as fast as they can pick, if not faster, that we believe Cotton will be lower this Fall than next Spring. We believe a crop of Two and a Half Millions can be absorbed at 25 to 30 cents (gold) per pound at our shipping ports, and that those who accept lower rates sell too cheap. Let those who owe sell enough to meet their liabilities so fast as they pick; but let all others await the turn of the market. There is not Cotton enough grown this year to keep the mills running till another harvest; and the prices of goods will impel most of them to keep their wheels in motion. We note with pleasure that new mills are going up and old ones being refitted throughout the upland districts of the South. We wish there were ten times so many.

On the whole, our National industry is prospering. Though we export but half so much Cotton as in 1860, we shall doubtless receive more for the crop than then, while the freight and charges will be far less. We shall have little Wheat and Flour to export next year, but considerable Corn (or Meal), Cheese, Pork, Lard, &c. Our product of the precious Metals, so large and steady that we can annually export Fifty Millions of Gold and Silver without damage. Another year must witness a considerable increase in our production of Rice, Tobacco and Sugar. But for the fact that we are importing excessively of Metals and Fabrics, and paying for them in Five-Twenties—that is, in drafts on the industry of our children, sold for two-thirds of their face—we should regard our industrial position and prospects with complacency. We must stop selling bonds and begin buying back those already sold: to which end, we should forthwith contract the Currency and enhance the Tariff.

The Freedmen's Opinion is the title chosen for a good-sized weekly, which is to be issued in St. Louis, on and after Sept. 1st, the Rev. W. H. H. White, editor; H. M. Alexander, publisher. Price \$3 per annum. We heartily wish it success. But we so wish expressly on the understanding that the Blacks shall subscribe and sustain it. If it can only be kept alive by beggary, then it is better never issued.

We apprehend that too many periodicals appealing especially to Blacks for support are started. If they would concentrate all their patronage on one establishment (like the Methodist Book Concern, for instance), and issue thence the two or three periodicals adapted to their needs, they might be supported liberally and properly; but getting up a paper in almost every State (two or more in some States) dooms them all to weakness and dependence. Will they not resolve to change this?

Mr. Weed complains that we have "pursued" his "wagon-load of rich men" with "the sharpest guerdon of billingsgate; stigmatized them in every form and by every epithet that malignity could coin, and poured over each and every one the double-distilled venom of disappointed ambition and toothless rage." There is melodramatic emphasis for you, in the real "Erebus vein."

The Times pays an involuntary compliment to the enterprise and accuracy of this journal by copying in full its commendatory account of the antecedents of the Philadelphia Conventionists, and swearing at it. With so large an addition to its news, our cotemporary was yesterday quite readable. But we almost wish it not to swear.

rumors as absurd, for few deemed the Emperor capable of such a breach of the public peace.

A dispatch from London, dated yesterday, seems to dispel all doubt. The Prussian Government, according to this dispatch, has officially replied that the left bank of the Rhine territory would never be ceded to France. Thus war between the two great Powers seems to be inevitable, and, according to all appearances, it will be a war exceeding the one just closed both in fierceness and extent.

A WORD FOR THE POOR WOLVES.

The Philadelphia Convention is likely to be a melancholy and miscellaneous gathering, kept together, if at all, by some law of coherence, as yet unpublished by political philosophers. It will exhibit both the variety and the vivacity of a menagerie at the precise moment when the attendants are bringing in the baskets of beef; but it will diminish the pleasure of the spectators and the safety of the performers if strong cages are not provided for the hottest and hungriest of the animals. Mr. Weed, who will have charge of the pole, will, no doubt, select a lone dog for stirring up the beasts; but, with every precaution, he may be lacerated by the tigers, or crunched by the hyenas, or out-chattered by the monkeys—especially the Southern monkeys who handle revolvers, and may add the soft notes of those instruments to the perambulations of their natural cloquence.

This is a serious matter. We don't know that Mayor Monroe is to be a delegate, though as a very lively, enthusiastic, and vigorous practitioner of pistol-reconstruction, we feel that he should be there. But the Convention promises no lack of creatures of the same sanguinary stripe. What if the amiable Mr. Vanderbilt should be brought home with an ounce of lead spherically shaped and snugly deposited in his duodenum? What if somebody, with a particularly long and well-ground blade, should perform a surgical operation upon Mr. Stewart, and put all the clerks in his marble shop into mourning—to be had, however, at cost upon the premises? What if Mr. Jerome should never come back to his fine house and fast horses? What, O ye gods! if Mr. T. Weed himself, while engaged in oiling the waters, should fall in heels over head, flask in hand, and never come up again? This is a catastrophe which we will not permit ourselves to contemplate.

To prevent a deplorable row, riot, rumshy, shindy, free fight, or by whatever name the threatened trouble may be called, we recommend that all the delegates, each sternly suppressing his private and personal emotions, whether appertaining to the brain, the belly or the pocket, should unite in some prominently benevolent and Christian enterprise, under the apostolic leadership of Mr. Vallandigham. May we be permitted humbly to suggest, for instance, the awful condition of the poor Rebel inhabitants of New-Orleans—their dignity, their persons and their property so at the mercy of a horde of powerful, unscrupulous and rampant Blacks that the other day, in sheer desperation and self-defense, they were reluctantly compelled (with many sighs, doubtless, and secret tears) a great number of their sable oppressors then and there to shoot upon the spot!

We are afraid that sufficient allowance has not been made for the feelings, so very nice and sensitive, of Mayor Monroe and his suffering tail of low-spirited terrorists. A defeated insurrectionist may bear simple defeat and swallow it—it is the trimmings of the unpalatable banquet, if we may say so, at which his gorge martially mutinies—the harrowing spectacle of free niggers marching in procession with a band of music of their own—the intolerable mortification incident to an epidemic of equality—the frightful prospect of an extension of suffrage to creatures of chromatic epidemics—the reception by "niggerlings" of the alphabet at the hands of Yankee school-marmes—the distracting phenomenon of Black whites sweating away the lives and the liberties, the credit and the cash, of the poor superior classes. Ah! how different things were once! By what mystery has the boot been transferred to the other leg? It is bootless to inquire. The Philadelphia Convention has only to recognize the harrowing fact, and to do something for the poor White folks of New-Orleans.

We should like to know what the dense members are to come together for if not for that? All the Southern Whites of the unmitigated, unrepentant, disloyal strain, are the Poor Whites now, moral sand-hillers and abstract eaters of clay. We pity them. We demand at least a few carminative resolutions for their relief. We pity them as whilom we pitied the now triumphant Black folks. We do not want them to be obliged, for the sake of peace and quietness, to shoot from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty negroes every week. It may be sport now, but it will be tedious presently.

Does anybody ask us what the Executive Convention had better do for the relief of the poor, down-trodden and negro-ridden Whites of New-Orleans? Money, we have no doubt, would be acceptable to the inferior class which (such is the rapidity of social changes) was only yesterday superior class, with all the cash, and all the land, and all the learning, and all the other good, pleasant and most of the bad, pleasant things—the salacious succumbings of our chequered human existence. But we do not expect Mr. Weed to give them any money. We can fancy him exclaiming in the language of Canning's "Friend of Humanity," "I give you six pence! I'll see you d—d first!"

Calm yourself, Sage of Albany! We ask no more of you than a fragment each of resolutions—every resolution a plaster, a poultice, and a persuader! They may not have any great respect for your medicinal manufactures in New-Orleans; but your Northern friends can wear the goods vicariously, and your poor Southern friends will receive all the benefit. If you only manipulate Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Astor, and Mr. Drew, and the other monetary magnificences properly—and you know how to do it, you know you do, innocent as you look—if you only get your resolutions of sympathy and relief properly passed, you will see some of the fattest wallets coming out that ever emerged from human pocket; but when there is money round, you can take care of yourself. Don't mock the poor New-Orleans gentlemen with empty resolutions, when they are at the mercy of the rampant, blood-thirsty sheep—these unfortunate, persecuted, helpless wolves! As many resolutions as you please, Mr. Weed; but make the heavy fellows come down with their dust!

MANUFACTURES AND MURDERS.

We are beginning to observe again in the Southern journals the ancient incentives to "Southern independence of the North." "Let us," cry the able editors of these reviving regions, "make our own shoes, weave our own cloth, publish our own books, educate our own children, hammer our own iron, build our own ships, print our own calico, so that we may be obliged to call upon the detested North for nothing." To which, so far from being frightened by it, there is not an intelligent Northern man of business who will not cordially respond, "Go ahead!" The general prosperity of the whole country is the last thing which our commercial and producing classes have to fear; and if there must be sectional competition (of which we see no need), the North and West are abundantly able to take care of themselves. At any rate, we do not intend to shake our frightened souls out until our competitors begin to manufacture something of more value than spasmodic newspaper articles printed upon Northern paper, upon Northern type, upon Northern presses, and having for their improving spirit not so much the desire of making money as of hindering others from making it. We are not in the least to be scared by enterprises begun in that spirit—we believe in those which have for their object the serious, solemn business of making that most convenient thing called and known as money; of making it

sions of Messrs. Vallandigham and Wood can be looked upon only as part of a programme of transparent hypocrisy. The Convention will be crammed with Copperheads and Rebels, nevertheless, and there will be a clear majority on the side of "constitutional" disloyalty.

The absence of many distinguished makersweights has proved but a temporary embarrassment to the President's intimate servants. But Gen. Dix, who ordered any man to be shot who "haunted down the flag," made a speech of great enthusiasm over the social and political character of the hangers down, and Massachusetts and South Carolina walked into the Convention arm-in-arm. Who says that there is no peace!

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens has arrived in Philadelphia, and will shortly make his presence generally known. If the Convention will accommodate him with a plank in its platform preservative of the restored right to secede under the Constitution, Mr. Stephens will be ready to accept any situation that may be offered. Senator Doolittle the choice of the South for the Presidency of the Philadelphia Convention. He has earned the choice.

MR. JOHNSON'S FRIENDS.

When Andrew Johnson was elected to the post whence the dagger of Wilkes Booth translated him to the White House, nearly half of those now assembled in Philadelphia to commend and support him, were fighting desperately to divide the Union, while another third were doing their very best in the Union to defeat him and elect an ultra "Peace" Copperhead in his place. Mr. Pendleton had consistently voted in Congress precisely as the Rebels would have had him: we can recall no single instance in which his vote would have been disapproved by Jefferson Davis. Gov. Orr was a fighting Rebel. Mr. Robert C. Winthrop was a talking Copperhead. It is now pretended that Mr. Johnson is walking carefully in the path that would have been trodden by Abraham Lincoln. If this were true, would he have gathered around him the speckled crowd now congregated in Philadelphia? Can you believe that following in the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln would have won for Mr. Johnson such an extraordinary conglomeration of support?

Again: Every negro in the land regarded Abraham Lincoln with affection and hoped everything from his continuance in office, while every Rebel-sympathizer detested and execrated him. Now, no negro hopes for any good from Andrew Johnson, while every Copperhead is vociferous in his praise. Can you suppose both classes utterly deceived?

Mr. John A. Dix said, in taking the chair at the Randall gathering yesterday, that

"When the President of the United States had declared that the war had ended, all the States had the right to representation. The existing of new conditions is subversive of national integrity, and dangerous to public peace. Local appliances."

—If this be so, then what an atrocious usurper must Andrew Johnson be, in piling exaction on exaction on the States lately in revolt, as prerequisites to their restoration! Do but consider this:

His Excellency JAMES JOHNSON, Provisional Governor of Georgia. Your several telegrams have been received. The President of the United States cannot recognize any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Nation that admits as legal obligations contracted debts or created in their name to promote the war of the Rebellion. WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

—How would Gen. Dix—if his head and better were secured—deal with the exacter of these "new conditions?" —Mr. Robert C. Winthrop attempts to misstate the action and position of Congress with regard to reconstruction. He says:

"Most happily Congress did not adjourn without admitting to their seats the Senators and Representatives of Tennessee; but that very act has rendered it all the more difficult to discover anything of constitutional principle, or anything of national policy, in its persistent denial of all representation to the other Southern States." The delegation from Tennessee was admitted to seats in either House of Congress on terms openly presented to every State lately in revolt, as Mr. Winthrop well knows. South Carolina could have come in at the same time, and may come in at any time, on the terms accepted by Tennessee. Why, then, does a man of Mr. Winthrop's antecedents talk of the representation of Tennessee as exceptional, and assert that there is a "persistent denial of all representation to the other Southern States?" In this age of general intelligence, what is to be gained by such fraud?

—Gov. Orr of South Carolina says: "Follow citizens, Southern been looked at the door for six long months, asking Congress to admit us. If we are not to be trusted now, when are we to be trusted? Is it just that we should be excluded from these privileges? Is it just that the rights of representation be regarded as one of the most sacred rights in the country, is it just or fair or generous that we should be excluded from legislation while taxes are imposed upon us without our consent?"

Gov. Orr is one of the late Rebel minority of the people of South Carolina. That minority denies to the large majority any voice whatever in making the laws by which they are governed or in levying the taxes which they must pay. "Is it just, or fair, or generous," that the 400,000 loyal Blacks of South Carolina should be excluded not only from all representation in Congress, but from all voice in the legislation of their own State, "while taxes are imposed on them without their consent?" We measure Gov. Orr in his own bushel. Whenever he will bring his 300,000 confederates in the late Rebellion to accord to their loyal Black fellow Carolinians the rights already enjoyed by themselves, we will do our utmost to have him and his colleagues admitted to seats in Congress.

Is not this fair? Nay, are we not in honor bound to stand by our fellow Unionists of South Carolina, who, though a majority of the whole people, are denied by Orr & Co. all voice in making the laws by which they are governed? When he and his set are ready to do justice to their Unionist fellow-citizens, we will entreat Congress to deal generously by them. But then no entreaties will be needed.

FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.

In our article on the "Frontier of France" in THE TRIBUNE of yesterday, we assumed that, by demanding the "frontier of 1814," the French Government claimed only the Prussian towns of Saarbrück and Sarrailh, the Bavarian town of Landau, and a few Belgian towns, all of which the Paris Treaty of 1814 added to the old territory of France as it existed in 1792. All the references to French claims of this kind, which had thus far appeared in the semi-official papers of the Government, favored this opinion. It seemed to be impossible that France, without even a pretext, should ask from the Powers with which she has always been at peace the cession of the whole left bank of the Rhine, embracing a territory of more than 5,000,000 of people. It is remarkable that even the organ of the French Government in this city, the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, in its editorial article of yesterday, took precisely the same views as we, and endeavored to diminish the reproach which it felt the step of the French Emperor would elicit even among honest Frenchmen, by pleading the smallness of the coveted territory and by falsely stating that the inhabitants of the three German towns were French in heart and three-fourths of them even in language.

But, notwithstanding all these reasons, it seems, we were mistaken, and the frontier claimed by the Emperor is not that fixed by the Treaty of Paris in 1814 (involving the cession of the three German towns above-mentioned), but the frontier which France held from 1801 up to the first months of 1814, involving the cession of all the territory west of the Rhine. For the present, the demand is only addressed to Germany; but this part of it being once granted, the annexation of Belgium would be consummated without the least difficulty. We give in the extracts from our foreign files, published in THE TRIBUNE of to-day, some obscure hints at the designs of the French Emperor, as now displayed; but the press generally, even in France, treated these

New-York Daily Tribune.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1866.

No notice can be taken of Anonymous Communications. What is intended by insertion must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty for his good faith. All business letters for this office should be addressed to "The Tribune," New-York. We cannot undertake to return selected Communications.

The Tribune in London.
STEVENS BROTHERS, Auctioneers, Agents for the Tribune, 11, Strand, London. They will also receive Subscriptions and Advertisements.

THE TRIBUNE AT SARATOGA.—Thornton, Newsmen at Saratoga, sell the TRIBUNE for five cents, and his boys sell it on his table in front of the principal hotels at the same price.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

WAR IN EUROPE.

We have again dispatches from Europe to yesterday. The Government of Prussia has replied to France that the Left Bank of the Rhine will never be ceded by her. The *Messager* and *Constitutionnel* continue to represent the Emperor as acting in the interest of Germany and Europe.

The war between Prussia and Bavaria is likely to be renewed.

The treaty of alliance between Prussia and the friendly German Governments has been partly adjusted, and will be completed in a few days.

The amicable relations between Prussia and Italy commenced on the 13th of August, and was to end on the 19th of September. Garibaldi, in an address to the Volunteers, urges the observation of the armistice.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The cholera is decreasing in London. The Reform meeting in London on the 30th of July was attended by fully 35,000 people, principally of the artisan and laboring classes, and passed off very quietly. The Jamaica disturbances had formed the subject of debate in both Houses of Parliament, and the measures here proposed, but it was held that Ex-Gov. Eyre could not be held answerable for murder. News from the United States by the Atlantic cable had been received in England, the first being the admission of Tennessee into the Union. The *Daily News* says that the operations of the cable, in regulating prices between America and England, was prejudicial to the interests of United States securities. There had been an extensive seizure of Fenian arms in Ireland. Martial law has been proclaimed in the disturbed districts of Russia.

From Mexico we have news that the Liberals have captured several important towns, and that Maximilian has fallen. The Imperials are deserting in large numbers to the Liberal camp and the so-called Empire seems to be tottering to its fall.

NEW-YORK CITY.

Office Ryan of the Eighteenth Precinct has been held to bail in the sum of \$500 to answer the charge of an unprovoked assault on a boy named Bernard Barry.

A man meeting of the Tailors' International Trades Union will be held on Thursday next at the German Rooms, No. 10 Stanton st.

Yesterday a number of rowdies visited Yonkers for the purpose of witnessing a prize fight. Owing to the vigilance of the police the disgraceful exhibition was prevented.

Two pocketbook droppers, named Stewart Wilson and Fred. Erick Wilson, were sent to Blackwell's Island yesterday by Justice Golding, they having no visible means of support.

Gold opened at 109.00/100, and remained at the price, but on receipt of the news that France had decided to cede the territory marked by France, advanced to 109.10/100, closing at 109.10/100. Government stocks at the exchange were lower upon most of the issues. At the Second Board the market was steady, and after the call prices were quite strong on the street, and closed firm. Money on call is 4.00 per cent, and more doing at the latter rate. Exchange is dull.

GENERAL NEWS.

A Court Martial has been commenced in Raleigh, N. C., for the purpose, it is alleged, of trying some civilian agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, against whom charges have been preferred by Gen. Steadman and Fullerton.

The Johnson Convention held its first meeting yesterday, in the National Guards Hall, Philadelphia. Gen. John A. Dix was appointed Temporary Chairman.

Nothing of much importance was done beyond the different delegates presenting their credentials. C. L. Vallandigham, and George Francis Train, in compliance with the wishes of their friends have withdrawn. The wigwag is not yet completed, but will be to-day, when it will be occupied by the Convention. It is expected that Senator Doolittle will be elected permanent Chairman.

A Canadian delegation, headed by the Governor-General, intended visiting England with regard to Confederation, as soon as matters can be arranged.

Dispatches from North Carolina announce that, in all probability, the new Constitution will be defeated.

Quite a number of burglaries have lately been committed in Paterson, N. J.; these will no doubt now come to an end, as the principal rascal, named Reibshart, has been arrested.

Gov. Hahn and Judge Warmouth of Louisiana arrived in St. Louis yesterday. Gov. Hahn is still suffering severely from his wounds.

The Hon. Ralph B. Backland of Cleveland, Ohio, was recommended yesterday, by the Republicans, for Congress.

The Medical Board of the County Hospital in Chicago held a meeting yesterday, and have decided that the cholera in that city is of the real Asiatic type. Stringent regulations are to be adopted.

The Grand Trotting Fair, at Cold Spring tract, Buffalo opened yesterday. There was a large attendance, and the races were of unusual interest.

A fatal case of cholera occurred on board of a canal boat at Long Beach, N. Y. city. The board of Health caused the vessel to be disinfected, and the clothing of the deceased buried.

Great preparations are being made in Chicago for the Douglas Monument ceremonies that are to take place on the 16th proximo. Rooms have been engaged for President Johnson at the Sherman House.

Gen. John A. Logan had a grand public reception at Springfield, Ill. yesterday. To-day he addresses the People at Hask Park. He is accompanied by Gov. Oglesby, the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, and Gen. O'Neil.

Mr. Robert C. Winthrop has written a letter, post mortem, to the Philadelphia Convention. It is a good natured essay, in Mr. Winthrop's bloodless vein, and it is a protest against waking up, and not any effort at resurrection.

The Hon. Robt. S. Hale has declined the appointment as delegate to the Philadelphia Convention, forced upon him by the owners of the Saratoga party. He does not believe in "Radical" measures; but there is more room, he thinks, for his kind of conservatism in the Union party than in the Arab ranks at Philadelphia.

The meeting called for this evening at Cooper Institute by the loyalists of New-Orleans to call public attention to the horrors to which they have been subjected and still are exposed ought to be overwhelmingly attended. Men will be there to speak who were witnesses, and barely escaped being victims, of the wanton, wholesale butchery of the 30th ult. Let all who desire a reconstruction which will not give Rebels everything, steadfast Unionists nothing, be early at Cooper Institute this evening. Gen. Butler has been telegraphed for and is expected.

Fifty-two out of 82 counties in North Carolina have been heard from, with a record of 1,600 majority against the new Constitution. We are not sanguine that the vote of the remaining 30 counties will overcome this great odds; and we look upon the result, now prefigured, as one unfortunate for Mr. Johnson's extra-Pacific plan of enforced reconstruction, and in apt accordance with Justice Ruffin's view of the President's "despotism" in dictating constitutions. We do not think that Mr. Johnson had any intention of wronging the most sensitive Rebel in North Carolina; but see how they estimate his indulgence! The President himself reconstructed the vote by which his agents and their measures are defeated.

Mr. Vallandigham has sorrowfully withdrawn from the Convention, following the now repressible Mr. Wood with great docility and charming behavior. We have no objection to the political immolation of these gentlemen on any altar, but it is not intended to carve out Mr. Vallandigham for any feast fit for loyalty. The same dictation which prescribed measures of reconstruction for every Rebel State, preparatory to giving those presidential provinces over to Rebel rule,